

# Good Morning 337

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Expert Psychologist, Dr. William  
Laing, to-day tells you the Secret  
of Good Fellowship

## FRIENDS—

## AND FRIENDSHIP'S WAY

ONE of the most mawkish of human delusions is the notion that friendship should be lifelong. The fact is that a man of resilient mind outwears his friendships just as surely as he outwears his love affairs and his politics. They become threadbare, and every act and attitude that they involve becomes an act of hypocrisy.

So said H. L. Mencken, and the statement has just enough truth, and just enough falsity, to make us all ponder. Certainly, friendship provides one of the fundamental problems of human existence. A prudent man, remembering that the world has 2,126,000,000 people, does well to examine his friendships critically now and then. Yet some folk can still scarcely count their true friends on their fingers. Right at the root of the trouble is the hard paradox that we are almost all by nature secretive isolationists—and yet yearn for warmth, comradeship and affection.

He began to own up to his shyness. Whenever he felt embarrassed he deliberately blurted out, "I'm sorry to feel awkward, but I feel absurdly shy of you!" And it worked. Somehow this mere confession smoothed over the difficulties.

He had given himself away! Another acquaintance of mine was failing to make friends because of his violent refusal to "push himself forward." He didn't realise that he was building a deliberate wall between himself and acquaintances.

Instead, on my advice, he tried a half-measure of pushing himself forward—or giving himself away!—for the first five minutes of a conversation. And it worked wonders.

Yet there is the equal instance of a man I know who never finds it difficult to make new friends—mainly because he cuts out all prejudice when he first meets them—but rarely manages to hold these friendships for long. After a good start, his egoism

jockeys his technique to the rails!

Here are a few simple self-disciplines that will help anyone to limber up their faculty for making the most of old friends and finding new ones:

1. Try the discipline of writing a letter—the one you know you're overdue in writing—without once using the words, I, me, my, mine. Make it smooth and keep it interesting.

2. Keep a new acquaintance talking for five minutes ABOUT HIMSELF without allowing him to know what you are doing.

3. Try talking about yourself for ten minutes without boring your companion. You'll find it still harder to do.

4. Give yourself a week during which you will say "YES" TO EVERY REASONABLE REQUEST made of you.

5. Make a pledge with yourself, the next three times you have a chance of showing a person where he's wrong, to skip the opportunity and not argue.

6. Next time you meet someone whom you feel you hate at sight, make a point of talking with him UNTIL YOU DISCOVER HIS GOOD SIDE.

These six disciplines all have one point in common. They are all exercises in giving yourself away, not in the sense of showing you up, but in the sense of surrendering to others.

Ready and interested listeners usually make friends because they give the other fellow a chance. And there is nothing most people need more than nourishment for their self-esteem.

When you start giving yourself away, when you start figuring out the other man's good points and expressing honest appreciation of them, you are on the highway of making friends.

But let's not confuse this point of appreciation with flattery. Flattery generally fails because it is given from the teeth out. Sincere appreciation—a truthful statement of something good that you feel about the other fellow—comes from the heart out.

Besides, have you ever noticed that arguments generally lead to futile dead ends? One of the reasons is that few people really express their own beliefs in argument—they are merely anxious to marshal points to beat the other fellow.

Victory feeds their ego.

That doesn't mean that giving yourself away will compress and starve your own personality. You'll find in practice that it is almost impossible to give away anything in this world without getting something back—provided you are not trying to get something.

The man who gives himself away finds his friends multiplying. It's as if the law of averages insists on making a return spin of the coin.



## A.B. Robert Marsden? Here's a greeting from Edith to you

WE called at Edith Irving's home at 61 Buddle Street, Wallsend, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the other Sunday, just as she, her mother and her sister had finished their lunch.

As we arrived, Edith was just leaving the house to go to the dressmaker's about a new summer frock, but we managed to persuade her to have this photograph taken instead.

She has a very urgent message for you—don't take any notice of the letter which she has written to you, as it was a misunderstanding.

We hope you know the letter Edith means. Alice and the other girls still keep the "Mem" up, and Alice Finlay—remember her?—talks a lot about your pal Jimmy and would love to hear from him. How's about it?

We bet you remember the park through which you and Edith walked home from those dances; well, she would like you to know that the ducks have disappeared since you were last here. Someone must have been hungry! And don't forget it is still Westgate, and not what you used to call it.

Now, what about you sending that photograph you promised to send her? You've got hers, so now hurry up with yours, as Edith's bedside table looks very empty, and there is just room for a photograph, she adds. Edith sends you loads of love, and her mother wishes you the best of luck.

All's well at Buddle Street, Robert. Good Hunting!

## HOME TOWN FLASHES FOR ALL

### HOSPITAL WINDFALL.

MR. FRANK PEARCE, the Plymouth draper who turned his shop into a cinema, the Criterion, died some months ago. His will reveals a windfall of £3,000 for the Prince of Wales Hospital.

About fifteen years ago Mr. Pearce spent some time in hospital after he was badly injured by a man who broke into his office and struck him over the head with a blunt instrument as he was counting the day's takings.

No doubt he remembered the nurses' ministrations with gratitude.

### WOOL REVIVAL.

A £5 MILLION scheme to revive the Welsh woollen industry is before the Welsh Advisory Council for Post-War Reconstruction. It proposes the establishment of 16 modern mills and is the idea of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, a textile expert of Aberdovey.

For fifty years the Welsh woollen industry has been in decay because of the failure to keep abreast of modern developments.

In North Wales villages, although they turn out high-grade woollens, small wooden plants, run by individuals, are still in operation. That explains why Wales before the war was producing less wool per head of sheep than any other part of the country.

NO WAR MEMORIALS. AFTER the war there are to be no unsightly "war memorials" dotting the villages and mining townships of South Wales and Monmouthshire.

Civic fathers everywhere are advocating that they should take the form of useful public amenities instead of white elephants. Barry will re-build its public hall.

A far more beautiful building is to arise from the ashes of this former £75,000 memorial. Wales does not want anything better than the Welsh National Memorial and its Temple of Peace of Cathays Park, two of the most beautiful and picturesque monuments in Britain.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



## DICK GORDON PRESENTS STAGE, SCREEN & STUDIO

IT'S taken a long time for British film producers to sell their celluloid on the other side of the big pond; mainly that's due to phoney Oxford accents and poor sellers over there. But now the "Jar" is on the job—J. Arthur Rank—that's the name. He's the millionaire miller who controls nearly thirty million pounds tied up in the film business.

Starting his sell-to-America campaign by planting stooge Arthur W. Kelly in New York and Edward T. Carr this end, he is building up an outfit that will make "Colonel Blimp," George Formby and Noel Coward as popular in American show-shops as Hope, Lamour and Crosby are here.

SOFT-VOICED Scots Canadian, Sandy Macpherson, whose photo you see above, is apparently going to be quite a big boy in the B.B.C.'s General Forces' service.

Adding to his popular request series for Forces and families at home, is another request programme for the Middle East. And that's not all—if rumours leaving Broadcasting House are in any way based on truth.

This outstanding radio personality is still soaring.

ALFREDO, the band leader, who has been appearing in the West Country, tells this yarn against himself.

"Alf," as his pals call him, has a liking for sitting up late for a pleasant chat, and he generally looks around the hotel where he is staying, about midnight, for potential "victims."

Alfredo then ropes them in and talks until they start yawning and excuse themselves on the grounds that they "are tired and wanna go to bed."

Recently, at Chatham, Alfredo found two fellows in the smoke-room, who beat him at his own game. At 4 a.m. the band leader admitted defeat

and said, "I'm off to hit the hay. What about you chaps?" "Oh, that's all right," said one. "We're the fire-watchers."

BECAUSE Neill (Ginger) Gemmell, 16, is a "natural" jitterbug he has won a chance to become a British Mickey Rooney.

Employed at Gainsborough film studios as a "clapper boy," Ginger, son of a Paramount news-reel photographer, just couldn't keep his feet still while Director Leslie Arliss was testing out possibilities for the part of a jitterbug-mad R.C.A.F. officer.

Director Arliss, at his wits' end because none of those tested could jitter well enough, suddenly noticed the boy's restless feet. "Show us what you can do, Ginger," he said.

So Ginger went into a "jive" with the continuity girl, and "cut a rug" with such success that Mr. Arliss sent him to the make-up department, put him in uniform, and gave him the part.

Now he enthusiastically throws Margaret Lockwood, the star, around in the film.

THE stork is hovering over Hollywood these days, and is being welcomed with open arms. Stars and starlets alike are deciding that what their homes need is a wee one, or two. Strangest of all, such goings-on are receiving the blessings of both studios and fans.

Since the birth of Cheryl Christina Crane, some four months ago, Lana Turner's fan mail has shown no decline whatsoever. Soldiers still list Lana as a favourite pin-up girl, while often, in a postscript, they send their love to tiny Cheryl.

Jean Rogers, wife of Danny Winkler, is not letting her career interfere with family plans. After completing work

in the new Red Skelton film, she left the screen to await a visit from the stork.

For the second time, Cecilia Parker has caused script writers to contrive reasons for her absence from the Hardy Family series while she has welcomed an addition to her own household. The first time, two years ago, it was explained that Andy's sister was away at college. Now, in "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble," while her little boy was arriving, script writers had her conveniently away from home visiting a girl friend.

When Van Heflin joined the United States Army, wife Frances Neal halted a promising career at M-G-M. while she presented Van with someone to call his daddy. This accomplished, she was ready to respond again to the call to fame.

It's quite a contrast to a very few years ago, when Margaret Sullivan and Joan Blondell were virtually the only top film stars who dared combine careers and family. Their temerity didn't seem to tempt others then, but to-day Lana, Jean, Cecilia and the rest can go on having babies as fast as the work schedules.

CAROLE LANDIS, beautiful Fox star, currently working in "Four Jills in a Jeep," has written a book based on her experiences in the North African Theatre of War, where she, Martha Raye and Kay Francis entertained Service men early last year.

The book, which is soon to be published in America, bears the same title as the film, which is being produced under the direction of W. Seiter.

NOW theatre business has reached an all-time high in fortune alley, and with so much finance out of War Savings, I hear that producers are holding auditions for would-be backers.



# The "Black Tulip"

ON the 20th of August, 1672, the city of the Hague, always so lively, so neat, and so trim, that one might believe every day to be Sunday; with its shady park, with its tall trees spreading over its Gothic houses, with its canals like mirrors, in which its steeples, and its almost Eastern cupolas are reflected; the city of the Hague, the capital of the Seven United Provinces, was swelling in all its arteries with a black and red stream of hurried, panting and restless citizens, who, with their knives in their girdles, muskets on their shoulders, or sticks in their hands, were pushing on to the Buitenhof, a terrible prison, the grated windows of which are still shown, where, on the charge of attempted murder, preferred against him by the surgeon Tyckelaer, Cornelius De Witte, the brother of the Grand Pensionary of Holland, was confined.

If the history of that time, and especially that of the year in the middle of which our narrative commences, were not indissolubly connected with the two names just mentioned, the few explanatory pages which we are about to add might appear quite supererogatory; but we will, from the very first, apprise the reader—our old friend, to whom we are wont on the first page to promise amusement, and with whom we always try to keep our word as well as is in our power—that this explanation is as indispensable to the right understanding of our story as to that of the great event itself on which it is based.

Cornelius De Witte, warden of the dykes, ex-burgomaster of Dort, his native town, and

## A ROUSING TALE BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

★ ★ ★

member of the Assembly of the States of Holland, was forty-nine years of age, when the Dutch people, tired of the republic such as John De Witte, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, understood it, at once conceived a most violent affection for the Stadtholderate, which had been abolished for ever in Holland, by the "Perpetual Edict" forced by John De Witte upon the United Provinces.

As it rarely happens that public opinion, in its whimsical flights, does not identify a principle with a man, thus the people saw the personification of the republic in the two stern figures of the brothers De Witte, those Romans of Holland, spurning to pander to the

Louis XIV had long been the enemy of the Dutch, who insulted or ridiculed him to their hearts' content, although it must be said that they generally used French refugees for the mouthpiece of their spite. Their national pride held him up as the Mithridates of the republic. The brothers De Witte, therefore, had to strive against a double difficulty—against the force of national

gigantic the fortunes of the Grand Monarch loomed in the future, was William, Prince of Orange, son of William II, and grandson, by his mother, Mary Stuart, of Charles I of England. We have mentioned him before as the person by whom the people expected to see the office of Stadtholder restored.

This young man was, in 1672, twenty-two years of age. John De Witte, who was his tutor, had brought him up with the view of making him a good citizen. Loving his country better than he did his disciple, the master had, by the "Perpetual Edict," extinguished the hope which the young Prince might have entertained of one day becoming Stadtholder. But God laughs at the presumption of man, who wants to raise and prostrate the powers on earth without

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### A SCRATCHY BUSINESS.

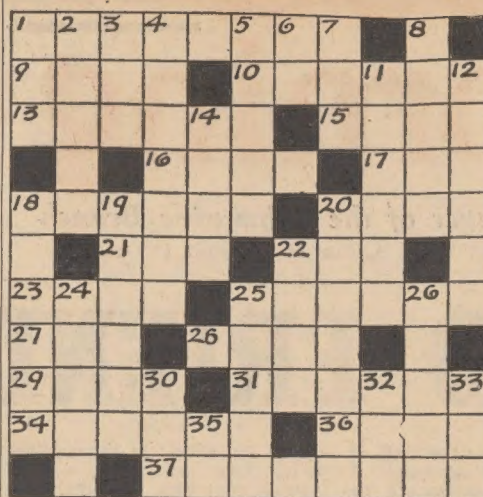
He is a Fakir, of Benares, India, and he lives and sleeps (when he can) on this bed of nails, and feels quite comfortable about it, too. Why does he do it? Because he believes in mortifying the flesh, so that he'll gain everlasting bliss. He is therefore a Holy Man, relying on passers-by for his food and sustenance. Sometimes he doesn't get much, so it's a scratchy business at best.

antipathy, and, besides, against that feeling of weariness which is natural to all vanquished people, when they hope that a new chief will be able to save them from ruin and shame.

This new chief, quite ready to appear on the political stage and to measure himself against Louis XIV, however

consulting the King above; and the fickleness and caprice of the Dutch, combined with the terror inspired by Louis XIV in repealing the "Perpetual Edict" and re-establishing the office of Stadtholder in favour of William of Orange, for whom the hand of Providence had traced out ulterior destinies

## CROSSWORD CORNER



**CLUES ACROSS.**  
1 Sharply separated.  
9 One of the U.S.A.  
10 Nothing.  
13 Wriggled.  
15 Small group.  
16 Mole.  
17 Tree.  
18 Officers.  
20 Sodium chloride.  
21 Custom.  
22 That man's.  
23 Highest point.  
25 Upright.  
27 Old candle.  
28 Mineral.  
29 Kilm.  
31 Sharp rock.  
34 Telegraphing.  
36 Space.  
37 Private doors.

**CLUES DOWN.**  
1 Female animal.  
2 Girl's name.  
3 Melody.  
4 Makeup.  
5 American mountains.  
6 Word of gratitude.  
7 In bloom.  
8 Allment.  
11 Fatty stuff.  
12 Bird.  
14 Country.  
18 Lea.  
19 Outer garment.  
20 True.  
22 Hollow place.  
24 Obliging.  
25 Suspends.  
26 Sage.  
30 Pinch.  
32 Beetle.  
33 Printing measures.  
35 Not a.

on the hidden map of the future.

The Grand Pensionary bowed before the will of his fellow citizens; Cornelius De Witte, however, was more obstinate, and notwithstanding all the threats of death from the Orangist rabble, who besieged him in his house at Dort, he stoutly refused to sign the act by which the office of Stadtholder was restored. Moved by the tears and entreaties of his wife, he at last complied, only adding to his signature the two letters V.C. ("Vi Coactus"), notifying thereby that he only yielded to force.

It was a real miracle that on that day he escaped from the doom intended for him.

John De Witte derived no advantage from his ready compliance with the wishes of his fellow citizens. Only a few days after, an attempt was made to stab him, in which he was severely although not mortally wounded.

(To be continued)

An Englishman went to a restaurant out East and ordered stew. It was very nice, and he complimented the waiter and said, "I hope you didn't kill a dog to make it." The waiter replied, rather horrified, "Oh, no, sir, me no kill dog; me find dog already dead."



"I've come to collect me small change, miss."

### MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "rest" and "work") are mixed in phrase (b).

(a) BEGONE, WILD LAD.  
(b) PRINTED A REAM.

(Answers in No. 338)

## MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

Guess the name of this Mediterranean Port from the following clues to its letters:—

My first is in MEMPHIS, but not CHICAGO.  
My second's in SANTOS and SANTIAGO.  
My third's in ANTILLES, not TOBAGO.  
My fourth's in KENTUCKY, not DAKOTA.  
My fifth's in MISSOURI, not MINNESOTA.  
My sixth is in WYOMING, not NEBRASKA.  
My last's in WISCONSIN, not ALASKA.

(Solution in No. 338)

## QUIZ for today

1. A pice is an insect, silk shawl, coin, African spear, dance step, young rat?  
2. Who wrote (a) Staying With Relations, (b) Poor Relations?  
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Essex, Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Wexsex, Shropshire, Sussex, Hampshire?  
4. What American statesman gave his name to a cigar?  
5. How many are there in a polo team?  
6. When is Canada's Dominion Day?  
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Picotee, Picric, Piepowder, Pilgarlick, Pillule, Piroutet?  
8. What is known as "feather" in horses?  
9. Does the new moon go this way—(, or this way—), in the Northern Hemisphere?  
10. From what country did coffee originally come?  
11. What is the common name of the camelopard?  
12. Name the Signs of the Zodiac.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 336

1. Bottle.  
2. (a) Mary Webb, (b) Joseph Conrad.  
3. Winkle has one shell; others two.  
4. 300 miles.  
5. A man living upon money sent from home.  
6. Dick Turpin's horse; also the old Army rifle.  
7. Timbrel, Terrapin.  
8. Darts, meaning the number 1.  
9. The Lord High Chancellor.  
10. Piano.  
11. Schickelgruber.  
12. Sarah Gamp, Hiram Grewgious, Mr. Grinder, Mr. Gradgrind, etc.

## WANGLING WORDS—285

1. Put a vehicle in ADCE and go forward.  
2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? Sha ayd reevy ish god.  
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change APE into MAN and then back again into APE, without using the same word twice.  
4. What flowers are hidden in the following sentence? The plants you pull up in Esther's garden will die. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 284

1. AttireD.  
2. Care killed the cat.  
3. BIG, gig, gin, GUN, bun, bin, BIG.  
4. La-go-on.

## JANE





## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



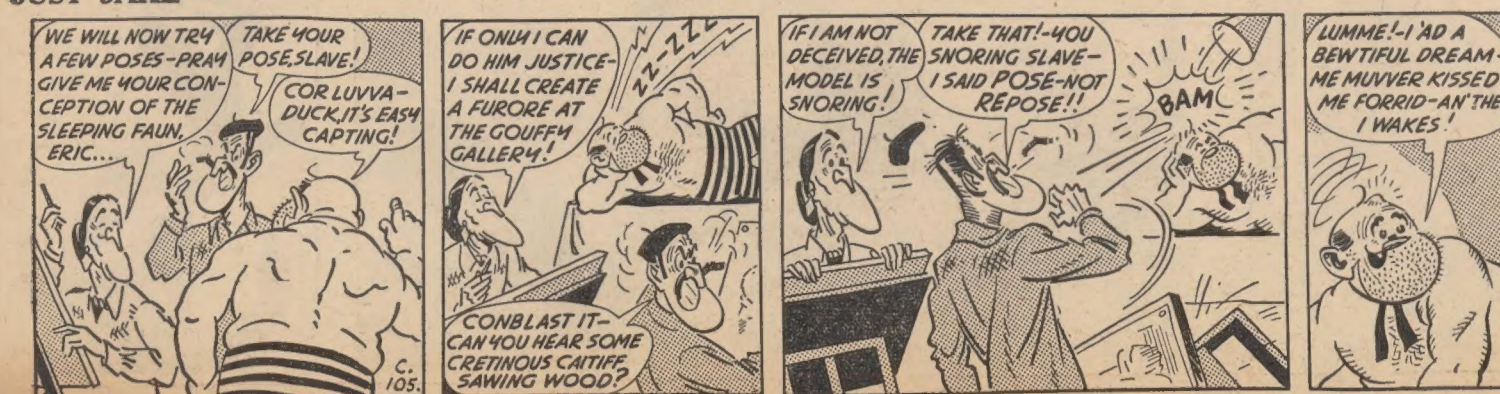
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## There's nothing new

Says Chris Gould

"BLUES" in its present-day meaning is less than eighty years old. A dictionary of Mississippi slang in 1875 gives it as "spirit of sadness; melancholy."

But there's nothing new about the blues. There's nothing new about grouching—which, after all, is the verbal safety-valve for all of us when afflicted with the blues.

Let's see what it was like to have the "blues" in 1737... that's over 200 years ago, but the feeling was just as bad!

Says Thomas Gray in a letter to Richard West, 1737, August 22:—

"Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world."

Then there's rationing—and Llewellyn pie! You'll be very patriotic if you don't grouse about food. But then, way back in 1841 Charlotte Bronte groused about food, too.

She wrote to a friend: "The humour I am in is worse than words can describe. I have had a hideous dinner of some abominable spiced-up indescribable mess, and it has exasperated me against the world at large."

Turn the clock back still further and you get to the "good old days" of ample food, and whole roast oxen. Here's a scene from Phillip Lindsay's "Here Comes The King":



"Dinner with King Henry VIII, at Enfield Palace, in July, 1541: The King ate enormously, stuffing the meat into his little mouth with his knife. As he munched, the meat and vegetables popping from cheek to cheek, his eyes shone with happiness."

"He jabbed his knife, greasy as it was, into the salt-cellar, blew his nose on his napkin, spat into the washing bowl—he was the King. The meat was soaked with sauces of parsley, garlic, quince, pear, wine; there were great pastries, glittering with sugar, or hiding haunches of venison cooked to rags and powdered with ginger; there was veal boiled with sage and smeared with cinnamon, cloves and saffron, stiffened with eggs all buried under pastry dotted with dates."

"Then came dessert of perfumed fruits and candied flowers—violets, roses, primroses and hawthorns."

"Men fell on one knee to offer more things for that little mouth to bolt. Anything was thrown into it. The King grabbed from dish to dish, and when food was on its way and he was forced to pause, he would seize a handful of raisins or almonds and fling them into his mouth."

As some comfort to those who are hard-up, here is a letter which King James of Scotland wrote to Queen Elizabeth in the summer of 1592. The King could write a good "touching" letter!

"And because of this turne uill of necessitie dryve me to extraordinare chargiz I must hairtelle praye you at this tyme to send me that quhole summe of Annuitie quiche I did the last yeire require of You; not that I ame ignorant of the greatness of your present adoes, but that I trust ye uill in this turne your eyes a littell from looking upon youre ouin estait to blinke upon the necessaire case of youre Friend."

People grouse about having to sleep in the cramped space of a shelter bunk. Well, when Pepys wrote "and so to bed," sleeping wasn't always a peaceful affair.

On the morning of January 1, 1662, he wrote in his diary:—

"Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and nose, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry and to sleep again."

"And to sleep again!" If only we could all enjoy the calm pleasure expressed by that laconic phrase!

There's nothing new about this melancholy madness. Grouching is not just a twentieth-century habit. But these bygone grouchers got over it.



Good Morning

SUSPICION  
"Gee! That guy's following me everywhere."



## This England

An old farmhouse and cottage in the Cotswolds.

"SHE'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO"



"Perfectly simple repair, old chap, and we'll be off again in a minute. Actually, the sprocket of the differential gear and cylinder-head gasket slightly out of alignment — quite simple."



"If he thinks he's going to clean me up, I'll DO him. Let him search for his darned tools!"

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A sweeps-take, so to speak."

